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Ep **THÉRÈSE,**

THE

Orphan of Geneva:

A D R A M A,

IN THREE ACTS:

[by H. S. B. D. Victor]

FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, ALTERED AND ADAPTED

TO THE ENGLISH STAGE:

BY

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane,

Friday Evening, February, 2: 1821.

Third Edition.

LONDON:

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Carwin, the Advocate, *Mr. Wallack*
Fontaine, the Pastor, *Mr. Cooper*
Count de Morville, Son of the Countess, *Mr. Barnard*
Picard, Steward of the Countess, .. *Mr. Gattie*
Lavigne, a Farmer, *Mr. Knight*
Delparc, a Magistrate, *Mr. Bromley*

Mariette, *Miss Kelly*
The Countess de Morville, *Mrs. Egerton*
Bridget, Wife of Lavigne, *Mrs. Harlowe*
Nannette, Servant of the Farmer *Miss Phillips.*

TO
R. W. ELLISTON, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,

ALTHOUGH I cannot deem so humble an effort as this, worthy of a Dedication, yet I gladly avail myself of the pretext which it affords, for publicly offering my thanks for the kindness with which you have received it. I have toiled more than once for Drury Lane Theatre before it came under your direction ; and though never without success, yet always thanklessly and unprofitably. In reverting to your predecessors, I cannot but contrast their coldness with your enthusiasm ; and it would give me sincere pleasure to know that this effort might yield to you as much as a former one produced to them. At least, the adaptor would have less reason to be dissatisfied, or I am much mistaken in your character.

With the sincerest wishes for the continued success of the great national concern under your direction, I beg you to accept this tribute to the openness and sincerity of your conduct towards me as a contributor to your literary novelties, and to believe me,

Dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

London, Feb. 11, 1821.

P R E F A C E.

ON Tuesday, January 16, a parcel was brought to me, without any letter or explanation. On it was written *Havre, January 10*, and it bore a black seal inscribed *Octavus*. The parcel contained two productions of M. VICTOR,---“Calas” and “Thérèse.” The uncommon merit of “Calas,” with which the British public is already familiar, induced me to read the new work of its ingenious author; and I could not hesitate in deciding upon its fitness for the London Stage. On Thursday night the adaptation was begun, and finished on the Monday night following. Mr. Elliston accepted it for representation on Friday evening, Jan. 27, and produced it on Friday, Feb. 2. ---At the last rehearsal all were in despair,---so unexampled was the celerity with which it had been urged forward: but all seemed inspired when the hour of trial came,---and I never saw a new piece better acted, or more enthusiastically applauded.

If I am indebted to M. VICTOR for the compliment which has been paid so mysteriously, I beg to return my thanks for it; and at the same time to ask his indulgence towards some alterations in the construction of his drama, especially in the third act. Could he witness the effect of one of these variations, through the admirable performance of Miss KELLY, he would require no apology for the liberties I have taken: nor will the other ornaments of the

drama deem any particular notice of my obligations to Miss K E L L Y, in the slightest degree invidious to them. Indeed, they would rather anticipate me;--her fellow labourers know her talent better than the public:--they can observe it better. As she wrote in the pavilion the public could not see her brushing the tears which blotted the letters as she was forming them; and numberless similar instances of refinement, perhaps even more genuine, for being less obtrusive. But in the closing scenes of deep pathos, all could share in the agonizing interest she excited: all could feel that her acting was unaffected ---irresistible:---It was the orphan, deserted, but not despairing:---it was the resigned hopelessness of the pious, broken, spirit,---too sensitive to look back without tears to what it has lost on earth, yet too religious to falter in its hope from Heaven!---It was a picture of the most exquisite, heart-drawn touches, equal in merit to the best conceptions of the best poets and painters; and leaving the beholders only to lament that, like kindred emanations of its sister arts, the beautiful image could not be fixed for the admiration of distant times and ages, when the gifted lady, whose genius has given it soul and loveliness, shall live only in her fame.

In a play which I published three or four years ago, I had occasion to bear testimony to the merits of Mr. WALLACK, and I then predicted his professional success. I have now to thank him on other grounds. In taking the character which he sustains so ably in this drama, he has dispensed with a privilege in his engagement, by which he reserves the right of rejecting any part in a secondary play; thus handsomely acknowledging the kindnesses which he has so recently received from my beloved native country, by his ardour in upholding the interest of one of the humblest of her sons.

It would be well for the cause of virtue, if all Pastors were equal in eloquence and impressiveness to Mr. COOPER in Fontaine.

Mr. KNIGHT is one of those performers whom Authors ought especially to honor. He enters into their anxieties with enthusiasm, and never lends his talent to their productions without success. To Mr. KNIGHT and Mr. GATTIE my thanks are especially owing, not only for what they did, but for the sincere gratification which they appeared to feel on my account, more than on their own, that their exertions proved so acceptable to our patrons.

Mrs. EGERTON, Mrs. HARLOWE, and Mr. BARNARD, gave strength to characters perhaps not over affluent in opportunities for effect: and even the Magistrate ceased to be insignificant in the hands of Mr. BROMLEY.

One word to my friends, the Criticks, and I have done. They have honoured me already with more attention than I ever coveted: but I wish them to understand that this, like former publications of mine, is a work planned for stage-effect exclusively, and only printed for managers and actors. It is so necessary in the productions of the modern drama to consult the peculiarities of leading performers;—and not to offend the restive spirit of audiences, requiring strong excitement by means of situations almost pantomimick, and too impatient to pause for poetical beauty;—that it seems almost hopeless to look to the stage as the vehicle for permanent literary distinction. An acted, (or I might say more properly, an *actable*) play, seems to derive its value from what is *done*, more than from what is *said*;—but the great power of a literary work consists in what is said and the manner of saying it: He, therefore, who best knows the stage, can best tell why, in the present

temper of audiences, good poets should so often make bad dramatists. Should my better stars ever give me leisure or independence, to devote myself to any literary work which I may hope to render worthy of being recollected, I shall select something in which the imagination may be less fettered than it must be by the necessities of the stage: As yet I am not vain enough to set up as a candidate for literary distinction: I know myself better: but, at the same time, I am not, nor ever *have* been, (notwithstanding all that has been said of a short preface to a former work) so unprincipled as to claim what does not belong to me;—and I have only to desire, as a point of common courtesy, that if my excellent good friends should ever do me the honor to censure or quote any of the trifling remarks I have ventured to offer upon the present occasion, they will enhance the obligation by first reading them.

J. H. P.

London, February 11, 1821.

THERÈSE,

The Orphan of Geneva.

ACT I.

SCENE: GARDEN OF THE CHATEAU DE MORVILLE. AN IRON RAIL FENCE, WITH A GATE IN THE MIDDLE, CROSSES THE BACK OF THE STAGE. AT THE RIGHT OF THE ACTORS, ONE OF THE SIDE FRONTS OF THE CHATEAU, AND STEPS GOING UP TO IT, EMBELLISHED WITH VASES. AT THE LEFT, A LITTLE GATE LEADING TO THE ORCHARD. NEAR THE FRONT, A YOKE-ELM-TREE-HEDGE, WITH A GARDEN CHAIR. THE BACK GROUND, BEYOND THE RAILING, REPRESENTS A BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE.

PICARD and LAVIGNE come out of the Chateau: LAVIGNE has empty sacks and panniers over his arms and about his person. The curtain rises to music.

Lav. (on the steps and speaking behind the scenes) My Neddy can stand where he is. There's no fear of his running away. I'm only going into the orchard a minute with Father Picard, to get some prunes. *(Comes down to Picard, who is taking a pinch of snuff.)* Come, now, Picard, is it honest, parson's, truth that you've been telling me?

Pic. Parson's truth indeed! 'Tis Picard's truth,—and none honester. The Countess and her son are coming

home this very day. I and Miss Mariette have just got letters.

Lav. Then I'll be off; no matter for the prunes. The Countess and her son coming home! They must pass the farm on their way from Lausanne to the Chateau, and if they take my old wife, Bridget, unawares, she'll be all in such a fluster!

Pic. Don't flatter yourself. They'll not stop at the farm. Her ladyship has pressing reasons for coming back so quick. (*mysteriously*) *Great news*, Lavigne! There's great news, I tell you. There was a letter in my parcel for the village notary, and he's to be here at twelve.

Lav. You don't say so! Why, Picard—Bless my soul! Picard, do you think the young Count is to—to—to wed Miss Mariette? Hey! What do you think, Picard?

Pic. Think! I tell you, there's *great news*! that's all! mark—*Great news*.

Lav. Oh! bless my heart! How happy I should be! why, Picard, I'd give that beautiful crooked horned cow with the little tail—I'd give the robin red breast that pecks its breakfast out of my mouth—I'd give—I don't know what I wouldn't give to see the young Count wedded to Miss Mariette! Yes, were it only to plague my old wife, Bridget, who's always preaching up—"That affair 'll come to no good; a girl own'd by no body, to be made so much of at the Chateau."—A girl this, and a girl! that!—What will she say now? Ha! ha! Now when she knows—(*taking out a silver watch*) Hey day! ten o'clock! It's a long league to the farm, and my Neddy's no Eagle! Good day, Picard, good day.

Pic. If you must go, I'll see you to your Neddy.

Lav. Thank ye, Picard, thank' ye for both:—Neddy and I too. Come along.

Music. PICARD opens the middle gate and goes out with LAVIGNE. As they are departing, chatting together, a man appears, who seems endeavouring to ascertain where he is. It is CARWIN: he enters through the middle gate, which PICARD has left open.

Car. (alone, tablets in his hand) One league from Morville—on the right—beyond the forest and the rustic bridge.—Aye, this must be the spot; and here the mansion of the Countess de Morville. But do those lofty walls protect my fugitive? Thérèse, though you escaped me at Geneva, and for eight months have still eluded me, my lynx-eyed vigilance shall never sleep! The orphan who has found shelter here, must be she. What though the name be different? Her own she could not bear, the trial was too public. 'Tis rumoured that the young Count loves her. If this Mariette in truth should be Thérèse that may mar my project! The Countess and her son at Lausanne? Doubtless the orphan's with them. So much the better; I can move more freely.

PICARD returns, and as he comes in, throws the middle gates wide open, and then comes down.

Pic. (Throwing wide the middle gates.) As it's so late the gates may as well stand open. 'Twill save trouble, and (*coming down*) hallo! a stranger! How did he get in. He must have passed behind me.

Car. Good day, friend.

Pic. Good day—friend! (*aside*) where the d—I did this friend of mine come from? (*aloud*) What may be your pleasure, sir? Who are you looking for?

Car. You belong to the chateau?

Pic. I do, sir. My name is Picard, and I have been steward here these thirty years last Michaelmas.

Car. I am glad of it.

Pic. Faith, so am I. It's a snug place. But to go back to what we were talking about,—what do you want here, sir? (*aside.*) I don't like that fellow's looks.

Car. I come to offer my respects to the countess.

Pic. (*Taking off his hat.*) A friend of the countess—I beg pardon, sir, but never having had the honour of seeing you before.—The countess and her son are both from home; but we expect them back in an hour or two, and if you walk into the house till then, Miss Mariette will receive you.

Car. Miss Mariette—she is not with them, then?

Pic. Oh no. She always stays at home. She don't like to go into company, though she'd make as good a figure in it as the best of 'em, take my word for it.

Car. (*Aside*) Ha! this confirms—[*aloud*] My good Mr. Steward, tell me—I have heard much of this young lady. How old is she?

Pic. [*Looking at Carwin a moment.*] Why, as far as I know, about eighteen or nineteen. [*aside*] This fellow has a deal of curiosity.

Car. [*Aside*] Her age to a moment! [*aloud*] Is she handsome?

Pic. [*Irritated.*] Yes. [*aside*] This is very odd—perhaps he's some relation.

Car. Pray where does she come from? Do you know her family?

Pic. (*aside*) These are strange questions!—Oh! he must be a relation—Now if I could find out—I'll encourage him.

Car. So! The Countess has given shelter to this young girl without knowing her?

Pic. Partly so, and partly not. One day—I can tell you thus much without doing wrong, for every body knows how she came here: One day Mr. Fontaine, the pastor of our church,—(Sir, he's as worthy a man as ever lived!—Well, as I was saying)—Mr. Fontaine came to the Countess, and told her, that a young girl, exhausted, wretched, on foot and without a guide, had just arrived at Morville, imploring assistance to enable her to reach

Lausanne. The Countess, who is kindness itself, sent for the wanderer, and asked her what she was going there for, whether she had relations or friends at Lausanne? The tears streamed down her beautiful cheeks, and she said she was alone in the world. She proved to be an orphan, deprived by death of her benefactress, and cast out in destitution, with no hope but that of obtaining a situation in some family at Lausanne. The young stranger told her story with a grace and openness, which so interested her ladyship, that she gave her a home here, where her modest, gentle, affable conduct has made the dear girl the darling of every body who knows her.

Car. [*To himself.*] No doubt remains. 'Tis she!

Pic. Pray, sir, what is it you mean by saying "'Tis she." Then you know—

Car. Accept my thanks. Your narrative—

Pic. Probably you are a relation, a friend—

Car. No.

Pic. Indeed! Sir, your curiosity, for a mere stranger, seems very extraordinary. Sir, what am I to think of it?

Car. Nothing.

Pic. What! A'nt you going into the house?

Car. [*Going.*] No.

Pic. [*Following.*] At least, you'll leave your card, sir?

Car. No.

Pic. Will you call again?

Car. Perhaps.

Music.—CARWIN goes out slowly. PICARD looks after him, astonished.
Enter Fontaine through the middle gate.

Pic. Ah, Mr. Fontaine, it does my heart good every time I see you.

Fon. Thank you, Picard. Have the kindness to tell Miss Mariette I am here, as she requested.

Pic. Certainly, Sir, certainly. (*aside.*) "As she requested." So! He's been sent for too! (*as he goes into the chateau.*) The notary and the parson! These are the natural forerunners of matrimony: like black clouds before a storm. Aye, aye—great news! great news! (*Exit, talking till out of sight.*)

Fon. (*alone.*) Mariette seems anxious and disturbed. Her note says she must speak with me before the Countess comes—Hold! She is here.

Music. Thérèse enters from the chateau, looking cautiously about; and then runs eagerly to Fontaine.

Ther. Oh, my father! Yes, you have permitted me to call you by that name, and never did my heart need it more than now.

Fon. Dear girl, whence arises this agitation? You weep! Has some new misery befallen you? Pour forth your sorrows freely into the bosom of your friend.

Ther. Ah, Sir! Nothing remains to me in the world but your esteem; should I lose that, my cup of affliction would o'erflow.

Fon. What have you to fear? Can you think I am unjust?

Ther. Oh, no, no, no! My disclosures will not make you drive me from you.—(*hesitating*) Count de Morville—(*stops, casting down her eyes.*)

Fon. Loves you. I know it: do not blush. His love does you honor, and is one among the many testimonials of your virtues.

Ther. I have never abused my situation. The Count should not have indulged a thought of one who came into the world only to know wretchedness, and my conscience acquits me of the remotest wish to excite his attention.

Fon. And yet you love him.

Ther. I never said I loved him.

Fon. Don't he know it then?

Ther. (*Embarrassed*) I did not think he did.

Fon. Ah! I understand.—How does the Countess view the attachment?

Ther. I could not have supposed she would ever have yielded to the wishes of her son. But here, dear sir, (*taking a letter from her bosom*) read this and judge how happy I *might* be!

Fon. (*speaking as he glances over the letter*) Now am I indeed at a loss to account for your tears. Charles loves you and deserves your love. His mother's arms open to receive you. This very day—nay, within this hour—you are to be affianced! Friendship, Love, Fortune, smile on you at once! then wherefore, Mariette, wherefore should you weep?

Ther. Alas! I am more than ever to be pitied now. My prospects are terrific: all who love me will hate, will cast me from them!

Fon. How?

Ther. I have none but you to guide and to sustain me. To you let me avow the truth. Instruct me how to act. I will obey, even though my heart should break.

Fon. What is this mystery?

Ther. Mariette is not my name.

Fon. (*severely*) Indeed!

Ther. Doubtless you have heard of a most unfortunate young girl of Geneva, who was accused of a dreadful crime, and—sentenced—to—the—most—infamous of—punishments.

Fon. A young girl of Geneva—An orphan named Thérèse, who was some months ago sentenced—You are agitated—Heavens! can it be?

Ther. It is! I am Thérèse.

Fon. You!

Ther. (*falling upon her knees*) Oh, sir, do not spurn me, I am innocent!

Fon. Rise—Were you guilty, heaven pardons the repentant!

Ther. Listen sir, and judge. I never deceived you concerning my birth: I know not who my parents were. In my earliest infancy I was taken by the Marchioness de Ligny, who loved me like a mother; no child ever experienced more tenderness and affection. Her kindred became jealous: I thought not of the future. The Marchioness died—Her will was opened.—It was only out respect for her memory that I was present at the sad ceremony.—How great was my astonishment and her family's indignation, on finding that I was left sole heiress of her wealth, with authority to bear the title of her principal estate. Oh, fatal benefactions! Her family, noble, rich, powerful, resolved upon my ruin. I offered to give up every thing: An advocate of the name of Carwin, who volunteered to defend my rights, overcame my intention to surrender them. I submitted to his guidance, for he had been many years the friend and adviser of my benefactress; but the wretch was bribed by my enemies. I cannot tell what horrid means were resorted to—I was too young and inexperienced even to suspect them. The will was impeached before the tribunals, declared a forgery, and I was represented as its author. I could make no defence. I was condemned!

Fon. Great heaven! Was there no appeal?

Ther. Carwin induced me to fly in order to escape the sentence. 'Twas then I first began to know him, but 'twas too late,—the blow was struck! What most of all surprised me in this man was, that the decree had scarcely been made public, when he audaciously offered me his hand, threatening, should I reject it, to give me up to justice. Alarmed by his threats, and disgusted by his

importunity, I fled from the asylum whither he had beguiled me, and bent my course towards Lausanne, having no prop but my conscience,—no hope but in the goodness of Heaven!

Fon. (exultingly) Truth lives upon her lip and beams in every glance! Come, dear unfortunate, come to a father's arms, and let these streaming tears convince you that the Heaven you trusted ne'er leaves the good defenceless! You must summon all your courage now—you must quit this roof.

Ther. That I foresaw.

Fon. You cannot make yourself known here, without great risk; nor can you decline the Count's hand without explaining why: in this dilemma, flight is the only alternative.

Ther. But presently they will be here to affiance me—

Fon. This pledge is a mere form. Mark me—restrain your tears, strive to seem calm, and give the promise they expect. Perhaps it may not be given in vain.—From this night, you shall have another asylum. I have a sister who resides at the village of Preverange, about a league hence, on the Geneva road: Meet me after evening prayers at the willow fountain: I will give you to my sister's kindness, and go myself instantly to Geneva.

Ther. To Geneva?—

Fon. Yes, my dear, to Geneva. 'Tis his first duty who inculcates virtue, to exercise it in tearing off the mask from crime. 'Tis never too late for truth to lift her voice: she often rides unseen above our heads; but, when the firm voice calls her to appear, bursts in surpassing beauty from the cloud! Child! you shall yet rejoice! A city like Geneva can always boast good men, with courage and with power to make innocence triumphant.

Music. Thérèse seems completely overwhelmed and crosses to the right-hand. Fontaine goes out quickly through the middle gate. A bustle is heard, and the Count, Countess, and four Servants, appear at the middle gate. The Count advances before the rest. PICARD, at the same moment comes out of the Chateau to meet them.

Car. (*running to Therese*) Dear Mariette! Look,—my mother!—

Thérèse recovering, goes to throw herself at the feet of the Countess.

Coun. Not thus, Mariette. Come to my arms,—a friend's heart—ere long a mother's—warms to bid you welcome! [*to Picard*] Is all in readiness?

Pic. Every thing, my Lady: and the notary will be here to the very minute.

Coun. Mr. Fontaine must be sent for.

Pic. He was here only a moment ago, my Lady: But just as he was going out, somebody came to take him to old Farmer Thomas, who has been dangerously ill for the last fortnight.

Coun. So I heard at Morville. Charles, go yourself to the poor old man's cottage—[*Lower, and turning aside to give her purse*] Leave this with him; and bring Mr. Fontaine back with you.

Pic. [*Aside*] Ah! what a heart she has!

Count. Instantly, Madam. [*to Therese*] And must I leave you, Mariette, overwhelmed with this unusual sadness?

Ther. Ah! Charles, blame not these tears—Soon you'll no longer see them—now they must flow, I cannot suppress them!

The Count and Countess regard Thérèse with surprise. Picard also seems astonished. The Count kisses Thérèse's hand, begs his mother not to be alarmed, and goes out agitated.

Coun. Get the saloon ready, Picard.

Pic. And the bed-rooms too, my Lady?

Coun. No: We shall return to Lausanne this evening, and take Miss Mariette with us.

Pic. Ah! all going! [*The Countess gazes at Mariette, and appears astonished at her depression*] Half a word's enough for me.—Ha! My brain has been wool-gathering all this time—I had nigh forgotten—well thought of! My Lady, do you know a man with black hair, piercing eyes, a pale face, and a sad, hanging look? Such a man has been prowling round the chateau all the morning; and such a man, who seems to be a stranger, has been questioning me in the oddest way you can imagine about Miss Mariette.

Ther. About me?

Countess. About Mariette? Did he tell his name?

Pic. Tell. No, no—he wanted to get all he could out of me, but 'twould puzzle Old Nick to get any thing out of him.

Countess. I can't imagine—Perhaps *you* have some idea who it is, Mariette.

Ther. Not the slightest—I don't know a soul.

Pic. I'll get the saloon ready immediately, my lady.

[*Exit into the chateau.*]

Countess. [*To the other servants.*] Follow Picard! [*They go out, Therese is receding, and the Countess calls her.*] Mariette, you are aware of the step to which my affection for Charles has induced me to consent. He builds his happiness upon you, and the rational felicity of my child has always been paramount in my mind to every other consideration. The tie about to be formed, extends its influence over both your lives; and the alarms and agitations of maternal tenderness may be pardoned at such a crisis. Mariette, have you been sincere in your disclosures concerning yourself? Have you concealed nothing? You are an orphan, unfriended—there is no harm in this, if this be all. But to what wretchedness will you condemn your husband and yourself, if partial in your avowals, you still keep

circumstances out of view, at the discovery of which my son may one day have cause to blush.

Ther. Oh, my benefactress! Trust me—however mysterious my dejection may appear, hereafter you will find no cause to think that she who owes every thing to your bounty, is capable of treachery or ingratitude!

Countess. Enough, Mariette. I cannot doubt your truth: My heart is now relieved, and freely grants you the sacred name of daughter!

Music. Thérèse kneels and receives her blessing. The Countess enters the chateau. Thérèse remains in deep abstraction. Carwin enters cautiously through the middle gate, and advances unperceived opposite to Thérèse, gazing intently on her.

Ther. [*Turning, discovers Carwin.*] Heaven and Earth! Carwin!

Car. Aye—Carwin, Thérèse!

Ther. In mercy utter not that name!

Car. Why not? 'Tis yours.

Ther. Oh, I am lost! Why do you still pursue me?

Car. Go where you will, these eyes will ne'er lose sight of you.

Ther. What is your purpose?

Car. Why do you ask? You know full well—To be your husband.

Ther. Oh, sir, torture not your victim! quit, quit this place—

Car. That I'll do cheerfully. Follow!

Ther. (*recoiling*) You!

Car. Think you to impose on me?

Ther. In heaven's name, speak lower.

Car. I come to unmask you, to give you up to shame—to infamy—and to snatch you from his arms whom you prefer to Carwin.

Ther. On my knees, I supplicate—oh, mercy! mercy!

Car. [*raising her*] I would fain spare you—fear not—
if seen, I am unknown, and for the rest—oh, I will speak
as gently as you will—in dove-like tones that none but
you can hear—but *you must* listen—if you dare refuse,
I'll to the chateau instantly.

Ther. Oh, no, no, no! I—I—listen, Sir!

Car. With you 'twere folly longer to dissemble. I wished
to become the arbiter of your fate. I am so. With a
breath I can call back your fortune; aye, and more than
you yourself yet know, can prove your parentage and
noble rank.

Ther. Powers of mercy! can it be?

Car. We are unheard—unwitnessed—[*lower*] Judge
how much it is your interest to obey—Become my wife,
and I will pledge myself that you shall be acknowledged
as the daughter of the Marchioness de Ligny.

Ther. The Marchioness my mother!—

Car. Was secretly married to the Count de Belmour: the
hatred of your mother's family to the Count compelled her
always to conceal her union; your father died soon after
you were born,—the Marchioness,—not daring to avow
the truth,—received you as an adopted child, and left you
all her wealth. Only one document exists to prove your
birth; to me it was confided. That document, with others
which concern your innocence, is in my hands: and never
shall they see the light till you consent to receive me as
your husband.

Ther. At last the truth dawns! 'Tis avarice impels you!
—My husband? Never!

Car. Never?—Do you forget that you are in my power?
that one word of mine can yield you to the executioner?
that without me you are a being without a name, an out-
cast, a sentenced FELON? That with me you spring into a
new existence, courted, adored, given back to rank and
honour?—Beware of what you do! You are expected in-

stantly to pledge your hand to Count de Morville. I forbid this pledge. Take but another step, and I appear, I speak, and I denounce you.

Ther. Only let this ceremony pass, and I promise not to be his wife: but oh, Sir, in pity save me from the consequences of receding thus abruptly—'tis but a ceremony--- oh! let it pass---'twill spare a terrible exposure!

Car. You have heard. I must be obeyed. Hark! they come!

Ther. Earth, hide me!

Car. REMEMBER!

Music. As Carwin is going towards the middle gate, he sees persons coming, and returns precipitately. Thérèse, in terror, runs towards him, and points him to one of the hedge alleys, into which Carwin darts and disappears. At the same moment the Countess enters from the chateau, while the Count and Fontaine come in at the middle gate.

Countess. Mr. Fontaine, you are most welcome. As the protector of this dear orphan girl, 'tis proper that from you her lover should receive her, as from a father.

Fon. I will be her father;--a tender and unshaken one; --- I invoke heaven's blessing on her head!

Ther. Oh, my father! (*aside*) stay by me! don't stir from me!

Fon. (*aside to her*) Courage!

Count. (*taking her hand with inquietude*) Beloved Mariette! why do you tremble thus?—A mother's tenderness and a husband's love unite to insure you happiness without a cloud.

Ther. (*mournfully*) Without a cloud!

Picard appears at the door of the chateau.

Pic. The notary is come.

Thérèse starts, terrified, and casts an agitated glance towards the hedge. Fontaine retires and talks with Picard at the back of the stage.

Count. What is the matter, love? Your looks are troubled—you seem to seek for some one.

Ther. (*agitated*) No—no—Count—nobody—

Countess. (*to the Count.*) Her agitation is inexplicable.

Count. 'Tis her emotion at the ceremony—trust me—nothing more.

Fon. (*coming down to the right-hand of Therese*) Now, daughter—

Ther. (*low to Fontaine, not daring to look up*) Do you see any stranger?

Fon. (*surprised*) Stranger? none!

Count. (*taking her hand*) Mariette, we are waited for.

Ther. (*to Fontaine wildly*) Let us in—come, father—quick, now, quick—

The Count transfers the hand of Thérèse to Fontaine, and takes his mother's. Thérèse casts one more glance towards the hedge, and hurries in agitation towards the steps of the chateau. During this movement, Carwin passes along the back ground, and mounts the steps. Thérèse in turning, suddenly discovers him and shrieks.

Car. Hold! (*Therese faints in the arms of Fontaine.*)

Count. (*rushing to her*) Mariette! [*All regard Carwin with astonishment. He stands calmly and in silence.*]

Countess. What mystery is this?

Count. Who are you, sir? What is your business here? By what right come you to invade our peace?

Car. When she can hear me you shall know. Now she revives. I come to seek that girl.

Count. Mariette?

Car. Not Mariette, but—

Ther. [*falling on her knees*] Do not proceed—I yield myself to you—dispose of my fate, of my life!—I'll follow you. [*crosses to Carwin.*]

Count. Follow?

Car. [*Taking the hand of Therese.*] Then will I keep my word. Away!

Count. Hold!—you stir not hence!

Countess. Remember, sir, this young lady is under my protection. [*passing Therese from Carwin to the other side.*]

Car. Then thus compelled, I must explain. [*Therese trembles*] No, no! I will be pitiful, nor tear you from your friends: honor and duty demand that I should unmask you—that done, I leave you to their mercy. [*taking out a paper.*] Lady, read that—'tis a sentence pronounced by the Tribunal of Geneva. [*giving the paper to the Countess.*] There, madam.

Ther. 'Tis done! I yield me to my fate!

The Countess unfolds the writing: Charles approaches and glances over it at the same time that his mother does. Carwin smiles, looking at Thérèse. Fontaine approaches Thérèse to support her, but without taking his eyes from Carwin.

Count. Just heaven!

Countess. [*Darting a dreadful look at Therese.*] Wretch! are you—[*Carwin motions her not to go on, indicating with an hypocritical gesture, that the servants may overhear.*]

Count. [*desperately, seizing the paper.*] No, no! impossible! 'tis all a plot of hell! [*to Carwin.*] Sir, if you wrong her, tremble!—[*to Therese.*] Mariette!—Speak, Mariette, is it not false?—I know it is.—Are you the person named? Oh, speak! you only will I believe

Ther. [*Putting aside the paper.*] I am the person—but—I am innocent.

Count. Hear, mother, hear!

Countess. Charles! [*turning to Carwin.*] Sir, whoever you may be, I thank you for averting this dishonor from my house. I beg you to exert your authority. Take her for ever from a place where she found tenderness and love; but where she leaves sorrow and perhaps despair!

Ther. Driven in disgrace away!—and driven to him!—
[*pointing to Carwin and recoiling with disgust.*] Ah!
him!

Car. [*going towards her.*] Now—

Fon. [*interposing between them.*] Stop, sir. In the name of the Being I serve, I forbid you to proceed. Providence has placed this child beneath my care, to guide her out of the paths of suffering. In silence I have observed you: your acts, your words have made you known to me: you are Carwin.

The Countess comes forward on the left-hand side.

Car. Who should tell *you* my name?

Fon. Your victim. [*Carwin appears confused and retires down to the left-hand.*]

Countess. So, sir—you knew—

Fon. Lady, I knew all; and the dear child was to have quitted you this very night. [*to Therese.*] Come, persecuted girl—the wicked calumniator and the good repel you: but let the lightnings flash—a father's heart shall pillow you amid the storm. Be not betrayed by your afflictions into unjust resentments. Never forget the bounties of the generous: one error must not efface so many benefactions. [*Therese turns with emotion to the Countess.*] Lady, I take my leave. The day will come, I know it will, when I shall lead this orphan back to you, happy and in triumph: till then, faithful to my promise, she ne'er shall feel that she has lost a home, [*looking sternly at Carwin.*] and her enemies shall find that she's not without protection.

MUSIC. *Therese* recedes towards the middle-gate with *Fontaine*. *Carwin* is at the right-hand corner. The Countess stands reading the parchment, and the Count expostulating with her. *Therese*, when near the gate, looks back, runs to the Countess, kneels and attempts to take her hand. The Countess repels her and checks the Count. *Therese* bends submissively. *Carwin* comes round to the left-hand side and touches her arm, motioning for her to follow. *Therese* shudders, rises,—totters from *Carwin*,—and seeing *Fontaine*, runs into his arms. The Count, on the right-hand side, attempting to approach *Therese* is restrained by his mother.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

D

ACT II.

SCENE: THE INSIDE OF A SORT OF SPACIOUS CART-SHED, OPEN AT THE BACK. BEYOND IT ON THE RIGHT-HAND, THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE FARM-HOUSE, AND, NEARER THE AUDIENCE, ON THE SAME SIDE, A WHITE RAIL FENCE AND GATE. ON THE LEFT, THE PAVILLION SPOKEN OF IN THE FIRST ACT, BUILT BY THE COUNTESS FOR HER SON AND HERSELF;—A LITTLE SQUARE LODGE, RAISED CONSIDERABLY ABOVE THE GROUND, NEWER AND MORE TASTEFUL THAN THE FARM HOUSE: STEPS ON THE OUTSIDE LEAD UP TO THE DOOR OF IT, WHICH OPENS ON A SHORT GALLERY. A LARGE, CLEAR, WINDOW, OF THE SAME HEIGHT WITH THE DOOR, AND FULL IN FRONT OF THE AUDIENCE, GIVES A DISTINCT VIEW OF THE INTERIOR; AND SHEWS TWO CHAMBERS, BOTH OPENING INTO THIS, THE ENTRANCE CHAMBER; AND THE DOORS OF BOTH ARE PERCEPTIBLE TO THE SPECTATORS, ONE LEADING TO THE BACK OF THE BUILDING AND THE OTHER TO THE SIDE. IN THE DISTANCE, A COURT-YARD, ENCLOSED BY A QUICKSET HEDGE, BEYOND WHICH APPEARS A LANDSCAPE CHARACTERISTIC OF THE COUNTRY.

The curtain rises to Music.—Distant thunder, lightning and rain heard at intervals. 'Tis night throughout the act. A lighted lanthorn is suspended from the top of the shed. The Lads and Lasses of the village are discovered dancing, this being the holiday referred to by Lavigne in the early part of the play. A knot of farmers, grouped at a table in one corner, are smoking and carousing with Lavigne. Bridget entering from the farm-house, stops the dance.

Brid. That 'll do, children, that 'll do, I say. The church clock has just struck nine,—its getting cloudier and cloudier—the big drops are coming down already—there's a storm on the Lake, and the wind will soon blow it this way. So get home as fast as you can. (*Exeunt villagers through the white gate.---A flash of lightning.*) Ah!

Lav. Nonsense, it's only heat lightning.

Brid. (*distant thunder and lightning.*) Listen, 'tis just over the house.

Lav. Poh! it's far enough off. Wait a minute, and I'll go and look out.

Music—He turns to go. At the same moment a young female, clad very plainly, with a little bundle in her hand, appears at the back of the court-yard: she seems fatigued, cast down, and advances with timidity. It is Thérèse.

Hey? Who's that?

Lav. (*Who has gone towards her*) Bless my soul!—is it possible?—hey! Yes, 'tis she! Wife! 'tis she!

Brid. Hey? *Who?* 'tis she! 'tis she! That old fool knows every girl in Switzerland!—Blessed Saint Dominic! Miss Mariette!

Lav. What a condition she's in!—Dear me!—Why—What---Why, Miss, what has happened to you? Good Miss! What brings you here at this time of night?

Ther. To ask your hospitality. It rains, a storm threatens, and I am much fatigued. I entreat you to receive me only for the night.

Brid. But where did you come from? Where are you going to all alone by yourself? and in the night too?

Ther. I came from the chateau, I am going with this letter to the house of our good Pastor's sister, at Preverange. He was to have accompanied me himself; but old Farmer Thomas being on his death-bed, the duties of his ministry compelled him to stay behind. One of the old

farmer's shepherds conducted me on the way, but fatigue o'erpowers me—I have suffered so severely!

Brid. Poor girl!—(*considering and taking Lavigne aside.*) I say, old man,—do you think it prudent to let her stay here? Ecod! it seems a crooked business; and if the Countess has sent her off!—We are her tenants—and it might do us no good to—

Lav. Fie, wife! Refuse to take the young girl in, and in such weather! For shame! Come, come, Bridget, there's no need of making yourself look uglier than you really are. Does not our pastor preach every Sunday---“Open to whoever knocks: Give to whoever asks?” And doesn't she ask? Zounds, Bridget, dont hold the latch in your hand, when you ought to throw the door wide open!

Brid. Open! Give! that's easily said. I'll give to none that don't deserve it, and---(*turning, she sees Therese departing, wiping the tears from her eyes.*) Well? Where are you going now?

Ther. I cannot tell---I thought you seem'd afraid to give me shelter, and I would not put you to inconvenience.

Brid. In fact, Miss Mariette, the Countess is a good lady and a charitable lady; and she'd never have sent you adrift if you hadn't done something very bad: but as you are going to the Parson's sister, there can be no harm in your resting a bit here on the way, especially as it rains: so, don't cry, you shall sleep here, and I'll go and get you some supper.

Ther. Thanks---Many thanks---But I require nothing—nothing---but a little sleep. [*going towards a chair, she totters.*]

Brid. (*running to support her.*) Bless me! She's so weak---(*making her sit down.*)---Nannette! Nannette! [*Nannette enters from the farm-house*] A glass of water!---Quick!--- [*t. Lavigne*] What are you about?---Don't you see the child wants help?

Bridget and Lavigne are busied with Thérèse, who returns to herself and thanks them. A man wrapped in a mantle, appears in the courtyard. 'Tis Carwin. Nannette goes back and forth, doing as her mistress bids her.

Brid. There! Now the best thing we can do will be to get her into a comfortable bed.

Lav. And poor thing, she needs it.

Brid. The Countess's bed in the pavillion is always kept ready air'd, and there she'll sleep with the beautiful white curtains all round her, like a princess! Nannette! go, in and turn down the bed.

Nannette goes up, throws open the windows, settles the room, and presently returns.

Ther. Friends, I thank you. Do not think I am unworthy of your kindness.

Lav. Shew the young lady to her room, wife.

Brid. [*harshly to Therese.*] Come along, girl!

Ther. Pardon me---I would avail myself of the little time you allow me to pass under your hospitable roof, to write a few words to the Countess-- I had no power to speak to her in parting.

Lav. I'll go and fetch you the writing things. [*going into the farm-house.*]

Brid. You must write in the entrance chamber. You see that window---there's a desk standing there, and the Countess's bed-chamber is next to it. Don't make a blunder, and go into the door opposite the window, for that leads to the room where the Count sleeps when he comes with his mother. These are the only apartments in the building; so you needn't be afraid, for the staircase-door once locked, you'll sleep like a little pig.

Lav. [*returning*] Here's ink, letter-paper, and, a pen from the schoolmaster's goose,—as hard, ah! as hard as some people's hearts, Miss.

Brid. Give me the light.

Lav. Here---and here's the bundle---'tis n't very heavy
—[*to Therese.*] is that all your luggage, Miss.

Brid. What's that to you?

Ther. All that I dare call my own.

Lav. Good night, Miss---God bless you! Good night!

Ther. Good night! I shall never think of your kindness without gratitude.

Music. Bridget takes the lamp, bundle, paper, &c., and, goes up first. Thérèse follows. They are seen in the chamber. Bridget points out the desk to Thérèse, puts her own light and Thérèse's down upon it, and then shews the room where she is to sleep, going into it for an instant with her. During this action, Carwin re-appears: intently observes the position of the scene and of the room allotted to Thérèse: then retires.

Lav. [*alone*] Miss Mariette turn'd out of the chateau! —Well, who would have thought it! hum, hum!—Faith, a pretty girl isn't like any other sort of goods—in one place, they won't take her in,—and in another they're too ready to take her in—Beauty's always in danger of falling below par. To be sure, it wasn't so with me, in my young days—but a good looking lad's never out of demand. Ah! I remember how, in my young days, as I walked along the village, all the girls us'd to run to the doors—and they'd whisper, on purpose, loud enough for me to hear 'em—“There's the pretty cherry chops! What a beautiful colour he's got! Isn't he a dear little fellow! Isn't he a darling!” And then they'd sing and laugh like little mad things! ha! ha! ha!—Bridget remembers those times well. 'Ecod, she was a likely wench too—but that's a long while ago—she didn't talk so devilish loud then—she was so soft, so—well, well, times change—she's getting old—and—well, well, well—ha! ha! ha!—well—[*turning*] It's time to put out the light.

Music. He lets down the lanthorn, and puts it out. Bridget returns, bringing a candle with her, and having left a lamp on the table, at which Thérèse is seen to be writing.

Brid. So, that job's over. She can go to bed whenever she's sleepy. But you'll see, Lavigne, this affair'll come to no good.—Come along, shut the gates and come to bed.

Lav. [*his eyes fixed on the window*] Poor dear!

Brid. Never mind her. Why don't you come? Don't keep me standing here all night.

Lav. Coming, Mrs. Lavignæ. [*Apart*] There's no speaking a word for her. She must have her way. [*Turning back to look at Therese as he goes into the farm-house*] Poor dear!—

Music. Being within, the farmhouse-door is heard to lock inside. The stage is without light, excepting the glimmer cast from the lamp where Thérèse is writing in the pavilion chamber. Carwin enters cautiously, as Lavigne and his wife lock their door.

Car. [*alône.*] I was right. Thérèse is here and unattended. A shepherd was her guide; who brought her thus far and returned. My fortune depends on her possession---but if foil'd in that, my safety claims her death. Now, to reconnoitre.

Examines every part of the pavilion, and at last stops directly opposite to the window. Thérèse puts down the pen.

Ther. (*within*) Will the Countess refuse to believe me? and Charles! can he suppose me capable of deception? (*taking up the pen*) Well, they shall be told all the truth. I can do no more. (*Begins to write again.*)

Car. [*having discovered her*] Ha! I have her!—The light still burns—she seems to be writing—[*observing*] she's alone in the building—[*listening*] Every thing appears quiet—Could I entice her hither!—Let me see—aye, that's the plan! In the Pastor she has unlimited confidence—at least, I can but try—[*Goes rapidly up a few steps, then stops abruptly in consequence of the noise his tread*

Thérèse—*Thérèse locks up alarmed and listens*] I heard nothing—now then, softly—softly—[*Continues to go up.*]

Ther. [*half rising*] Surely I—Again!—there's somebody coming up the stairs! [*listening.*]

Car. This is the door. [*gives three or four light taps at the door.*]

Ther. [*trembling.*] Angels protect me!

Car. (*disguising his voice.*) Mariette!

Ther. Who---who---calls?

Car. Your friend---your father---Fontaine.

Ther. [*rapturously.*] My father! Thank Heaven! Thank Heaven! - - Wait but an instant---I'll be with you presently. (*taking up the lamp.*)

Car. [*descending rapidly.*] She comes!

Thérèse opens the door and comes out, lighting herself down by the lamp, and then seeks on every side for Fontaine.

Ther. Where are you?

Car. [*seizing her hand.*] Silence!

Thérèse screams and drops the lamp.

Ther. You here!

Car. Aye, every where---go where you will---like your shadow, I'll hang upon your steps. Ne'er shall you know repose! With every gleam of hope I will dart forth and thunder in your ear "THERESE!"

Ther. Horror!

Car. Hear me. A terrible chain unites us—'tis that of crime. 'Twas forged by me, I grant ye; but 'tis indissoluble: our lives are equally bound up in it, and I must end your sufferings or make them yet more dreadful. *Thérèse*, in pity to yourself examine well your situation—deceive yourself no longer—knowing what *Carwin* has done,

you can judge readily what Carwin dares. Decide!—Your hand, your hand,—or fearless,—endless vengeance!

Ther. Oh! I am indeed wedded to calamity! But if I *must* choose between misery and the curse of being yours, may Heaven shower woes upon me,—make me despised, reviled—in lingering tortures kill me on the scaffold—sooner than doom me to a wretch like you!

Car. (*Smiling coolly.*) Beware.

Ther. I have nothing now to dread. Give me up to the executioner: but know, the hope for which you've sold the smile of Heaven will still be foiled. In teaching me to whom I owe my life, you've taught me courage to defy you! Oh, my mother! Your noble blood shall ne'er be sullied in your child!—Monster, you built upon my weakness, but despair has made me strong! Tremble! Bow'd down by suffering, I shall rise up in retribution—your crimes will soon be public—the train is laid already—and ere to-morrow's sun shall set you'll tremble at the voice of justice!

Car. Reptile!--I---To-morrow? Did you say to-morrow? you've rung your knell---To-morrow you're in the grave.

Ther. [*Shrieks recoiling.*] Ha!

Car. [*Following her.*] Silence! [*Seizing a knife which was left on the table.*] Silence, or this steel--

Ther. [*Falling on her knees.*] Oh! hold, hold, hold!

A bustle is heard within.

Lav. [*Within.*] Wife! wife!

Car. They come! There's not a moment to be lost. Swear not to name one breath of what has past,—swear,—or I plunge this to your heart!

Ther. I swear!

Music.—The door of the farm-house is heard to unlock. Carwin hides the knife in his bosom, and hurries off at the back of the court-yard. Lavigne and Bridget run in with lights.

Lav. What's all this? Bless us, what's all this?
 [*Meets Therese, and staggers back frightened.*] Ha!

Brid. Why, if it isn't Mariette! [*Runs to help her up.*]

Lav. Miss Mariette! [*Holding out his light.*]

Brid. Why, girl, what are you about here? What's the matter? How came you out of your bed-room?

Lav. [*Trembling.*] Did you hear any thing? Do you think there's thieves about?

Brid. Dear me, how she's trembling. Her hands are like two cakes of ice.

Lav. Stop, I'll go fetch my double-barrelled gun.

Brid. No, no, you'd better call up Nannette to come and help the poor girl---

Ther. Don't be alarmed. 'Tis nothing---Don't call up any one---I'm better now.

Brid. But what *did* ail you, then?

Lav. Why did'nt you go to bed?

Ther. I---I---I do'nt know---it was---I was going---but th-th---thinking I heard a noise---I was frightened---and so I came down with the light---a gust of wind blew it out-and---

Lav. [*Seeing the lamp, and picking it up.*] True enough---there it is. [*The gate bell rings.*] Ah! oh! oh! oh! How my heart thumps!

Brid. Hey day! Who can that be at such an hour! Go, Lavigne---go and see.

Lav. It's nothing---uothing---but the gust of wind that blew miss's lamp out. [*Still trembling, bell rings again.*]

Brid. There's somebody there, I tell you. Make haste. It rains as fast as it can pour. Nannette! Nannette! There's somebody at the gate.

Nannette answers from within.

Nan. [*Within.*] Going, madam, going!

Lav. Wait, Nannette, I'll go with you. [*Goes into the farm house.*]

Brid. Perhaps, 'tis Mr. Fontaine come to look after you.

Ther. Heaven grant it may be! Hark!

Lavigne runs in.

Lav. Wife! wife!

Brid. What now?

Lav. Oh, wife! wife! You don't know—

Brid. To be sure I don't.

Lav. 'Tis the countess!

Ther. The countess!

Lav. She, herself, and the young Count! Here's a
bu sines!

Ther. [*With emotion.*] Charles!

Brid. So late?

Lav. They were on the road to Lausanne,—they've got
the old steward and all the servants with 'em—but the
wind and the rain and the fear of the storm, made 'em
turn back there at the bottom of the village, and they're
all come here to sleep. [*Exit Lavigne, at the top.*]

Ther. Hide me, I implore you, hide me; I cannot meet
the Countess.

Brid. Stop a minute---don't bewilder me. There!--
There!--Run into Nannette's bed-room, and to-morrow
at day-break, you shall be off, and nobody the wiser.
Make haste.

Ther. But my things are in the chamber—should they
be seen—

Brid. Well thought of--Wait. (*Takes the lamp and
runs up to get them*)

Ther. Charles--Charles here!--Powers of Mercy! if
'tis your will that my trials should be increased, oh! grant
me strength and patience to sustain them!

Lavigne is heard outside.

Lav. (*without*) This way, my Lady---Take care---

Brid. [*Coming down*] There they come! In, child, in! Shut yourself up in the bottom room at the right hand, till I come.

Puts Thérèse into the farm-house, and shuts the door after her. The Countess enters the court-yard at the top, followed by servants with torches. The Count and Picard accompany her, and Lavigne walks before them with a lamp. Nannette follows.

Lav. This way, now---That's right---There, there!---Here we are at last, my Lady. (*going up to Bridget*) Where have you put the child?

Brid. Hush!---(*to the Countess*) Your Ladyship's welcome to our farm. Nannette!---Wont your Ladyship and the Count take something before you go to bed?

Countess. Nothing, thank you Bridget,--we shall retire immediately. Are the rooms ready?

Brid. Oh, yes, my Lady,--they're always ready--(*apart*) What a mercy it is that Mariette had not gone to bed!

Countess. Picard, take the things out of the carriage, and put them into our rooms.

Pic. Yes, my Lady. (*Goes out with the servants.*)

Countess. Can you find beds for the servants, Bridget?

Brid. Certainly, my Lady.

Two servants bring a cofferet and a portmanteau, and take them up into the Pavilion.

Lav. (*Low, directing Bridget's attention to the Count, who stands buried in thought*) Poor young man!---how he's cast down!---If he knew who was here--

Brid. (*aside to him*) See that you don't tell him. Oh! that tongue of yours--you're worse than a woman. (*to the Countess*) I'll go up and see whether every thing is in order, and come and tell your Ladyship.

Countess. Do so, Bridget.

Bridget takes a light and goes up, making an angry sign to Lavigne to go off.

Lav. (*aside, going*) My wife's a nice woman! (*Exit into farm-house.*)

Countess. (*Approaching Charles, who is plunged in meditation*) Charles!

Count. Pardon me---I was not aware that you were alone.

Countess. I cannot be alone where my son is. What, still dejected? Shall I never awaken your reason and your fortitude? I know the power of love over a warm, confiding spirit—and when the object is deserving, adorned with the perfections we fancied in Thérèse—

Count. Mother!

Countess. But the mask once fallen, the deformity of guilt—

Count. Hold—Mother, were she prov'd innocent---

Countess. Impossible.

Count. The Pastor defends her---You know his rigid virtue.

Countess. His good heart may mislead him---Remember! The tribunals—

Count. May doom the guiltless---Such things *have* been, and may *again* be, mother.

Count. How? still uphold her? Charles, I pity your infatuation---I blush for you; but though I cannot quell this passion, I'll save you from the world's contempt.—Never, while your mother breathes, shall you sully the pure blood from which you sprang! Never shall my dwelling be disgraced by the Orphan of Geneva!

Count. What? 'though proved spotless?

Bridget appears at the top of the steps—Lavigne at the door of the farm-house—Picard and the Servants at the back of the court yard: All are suddenly rivetted by the last words of the Countess, who speaks in an emphatic and impassioned tone.

Countess. [*with great energy.*] By my weak hand Heaven has preserved you--the time will come, when you'll kneel down and pour forth thanks for it---but for your Mother---May the tomb yawn and swallow me, ere I consent

to this detested union!---[*perceiving the persons on the stage.*] Respect yourself before your servants.

Lav. [*aside, as Bridget is coming down the stairs.*] Dear! dear! sad news for the poor wench!

Brid. The chamber is ready, my lady.

Lav. [*to the servants.*] Your beds are all made, and you can come in---Father Picard, I've kept the best for you.

Pic. [*holding a pair of pistols.*] Thankye, Lavigne, thankye---[*to the Count.*] Shall I take the pistols up into your room?

Countess. No matter about them---put'em back into the carriage.

Pic. Yes, my lady---but as Master is always---(*the Countess gives him a look.*) I obey, my lady.---(*to Lavigne.*) Wait for me, Lavigne, I've something to do.

Countess. Light us, Bridget.

Lav. (*to the servants.*) This way, lads---this way.

Music. Picard goes out through the court-yard---the rest of the servants go in after Lavigne. The Countess and Charles follow Bridget, who lights them up the staircase.---When they get up into the entrance-chamber, Bridget gives Charles a light, and then takes another into the Countess's bed-room.---As they are separating, Charles takes his Mother's hand and kisses it respectfully. The Countess retires, and Charles is left alone in the entrance-chamber---the light in his hand, standing before the table, at which Thérèse was writing.---Just as Charles is turning to go into his own bed-room, happening to cast his eyes on the table, he sees a paper there---starts---catches it up and sets down the light.

Count. What do I see?---Great Heaven, do I not dream?---No---'tis the hand-writing of Thérèse---yes---yes---her farewell to my mother---the letter is unfinished---the pen---the ink-stand---the chair before the table---all seem to say, that in this spot---Can she have been here?---can she still be here?---Ah! could I see her!---could I speak to her---My heart still says she is not guilty---hark!---the Farmer's wife returns---I'll in till she descends.

Retires, through the door facing the window, into the back bed-chamber. Bridget comes in with a light, stops a moment at the Countess's door, as if speaking and receiving orders—gives a look round, and goes down. As soon as she is gone, Charles re-appears—while this passes, Lavigne comes in.

Lav. (*while Bridget is in the Pavilion*) So much for them—they're all stowed away—there's nobody to be put to bed now, but old Picard. (*a flash of lightning.*) Whew! there was a slap in the eye! Ah! there's something like a storm coming now—there was only that wanting to keep me from getting any sleep to-night.

The Count comes to the top of the steps, the moment Bridget is down.

Brid. [*eagerly*] I say, Lavigne—

Lav. [*the same*] Where have you put her?

Brid. Did you notice—

Lav. No.

Brid. Not? You were there.

Lav. I tell you I've been looking every where—

Brid. When my Lady said, "May the tomb yawn and swallow me, ere I consent to this detested union"---

Count. (*in a suppressed voice from the top of the staircase*) Bridget!---Lavigne!

Both frightened, start back a step, and turn looking on all sides in such a way as to end by coming face to face.

Lav. Hey!

Brid. What was it!

Count. This way.

Brid. and Lav. (*turning back to back*) Ah!

Count. Hush! wait there!

Brid. (*whose face is turned to the Pavilion*) Oh! tis the Count!

The Count comes down with the light.

Brid. [*to Lavigne*] What can he want with us? Do you think he knows that Mariette—

Count. My friends, do not fear me: You shall not be betrayed: but I supplicate you, I implore you, not to conceal the truth. Has Mariette been here?

Lav. [*quickly*] Yes!

Brid. [*at the same moment*] No!

Count. How? [*Bridget makes signs to Lavigne not to speak.*]

Lav. Don't be frighten'd, wife, the Count don't wish any harm to the poor girl. Yes, Count, she has been here, and what's better, she's here yet.

Count. Here! Oh, my friends, I shall owe you more than life itself if you will only enable me to speak to her one moment.

Brid. Well, wait there, and I'll come back as fast as I can.—[*Goes into the farm-house.*]

Lav. [*going up to the Count*] She's gone, Count! ah! my wife's a troublesome bit of goods: but she's like all women—she clamours, she storms, she's always in her airs; but for all that her heart's in the right place, and that's why I love her—there! there she comes, with your dear Miss Mariette!

Bridget leads in Thérèse. Flashes of lightning are seen, and distant thunder heard. The Count and Lavigne recede a little, to give place to Thérèse.

Brid. This way, Miss, don't be afraid; my Lady's fast asleep.

Ther. [*with uneasiness*] Why do you bring me here again? Hark! don't you hear the thunder—oh! pray come back—

Brid. [*drawing her forward*] Here's somebody that wants you.

Ther. [*more terrified*] Me! oh no—come—come—

Count. [*approaching*] Mariette, 'tis your friend, your Charles!

Ther. Heavens! is it you, Count?

Charles takes one hand, while, with the other, she puts her handkerchief to her eyes.

Lav. [*drawing Bridget aside*] Don't you see she's not frighten'd now? Stand out of the way, and let 'em chat.

Count. Dear girl! why turn your eyes from me?—Charles never thought you guilty.

Ther. Indeed! then I shall be less wretched—No, Count, no—'tis a vile plot, and Carwin has the proofs—He would compel me by persecution to give him my hand, in order to obtain a right to claim the fortune of which I have been robbed.

Count. He? Carwin claim your hand! You rouse my vengeance, and revive my hopes—Carwin shall not escape! This arm shall wrest the proofs from him, e'en though it tear them from his bleeding heart—I'll watch his steps as the fiend watches yours—Charles will redress your wrongs, and lead you happy to his mother's arms.

Ther. Your mother! ah! that oath—

Count. What oath?

Ther. [*pointing to the farm-house door*] I was there—denied the comfort of seeing you, I stole thither---a sad, banish'd wretch---to catch a farewell sound of your lov'd well-known voices---oh, Charles, picture to yourself my feelings---“While I breathe,” cried your mother, “you shall ne'er sully the pure blood from which you sprang---may the tomb yawn and swallow me, ere I consent to this detested union!”

Brid. [*to Lavigne*] So, she heard it too?

Picard partly appears at the back of the court-yard.

Pic. Master!

Ther. [*alarmed*] Ah!

Count. 'Tis only Picard.

Ther. Let us separate---I would not for the world be seen.

Count. When shall we meet again?

Ther. Your mother has forbidden it.

Pic. [*at the same place*] Master!

Ther. Pray, let me go.

Count. First tell me whither you direct your steps.

Ther. I cannot---must not---I must fly far---far, from you---but Charles, I leave my heart with you.

She tears herself from Charles, who kisses her hand fervently---Bridget and Lavigne go in after her---Picard comes down under the shed all aghast.

Pic. Hush! gently! hush!

Count. Why?

Pic. I have seen---

Count. Whom?

Pic. That devil of a fellow who came to the chateau this morning, did all the mischief he could---turned every thing topsy-turvy, and then made off.

Count. How?

Pic. He's here.

Count. Carwin?

Pic. Hush! as I was settling the things in the carriage, all at once I thought I saw a figure dart out of the forest that borders on the farm, pass behind the hedge, come on with a wolf's trot, and prowl round the carriage---I was greatly astonished, as you may guess---but I took courage, and put my head out of the window, and just then there came a broad flash of lightning, and I recognized the damn'd questioner posting along the fence and hurrying this way.

Count. Here? monster!—here?—Doubtless for his victim—Picard, where are my pistols?

Pic. Master! dear young master!

Count. No words—Where are they?

Pic. In the carriage—but, master—

Count. Follow me.

Pic. What! without letting her ladyship know—

Count. Follow, and be silent. If this indeed be Carwin, he shall no longer outrage Heaven unpunished! Follow, I say!

They go out—the lightning increases—The thunder becomes heavier—Carwin enters cautiously—The stage is entirely dark.

Car. (Alone.) Now all is still—Yes, this is the spot at which I first entered—'tis there Thérèse reposes—(smiling) a long, sound, quiet sleep!—Aye, the door next beyond the window. I observed minutely The darkness and the storm second my design. Hush! no sound but bursting thunder can be heard—fit music for my purpose—On! [*Music*] My sight grows dim—spite of myself, I tremble!—Courage! it must be [*Looking back into the court-yard. draws the knife out of his bosom and ascends.*] The door stands open—Now—(going up) She dies!

Music.—Rushes in—at the same moment the Count and Picard are seen traversing the back of the court-yard, seeking for some one. A shriek is heard in the pavilion, and on the instant a terrific thunderbolt shatters down a part of the pavilion, and sets the rest on fire. Carwin precipitates himself through the window to the front of the stage in frightful confusion.

Car. I escaped the thunderbolt. I'm safe. Thérèse is now no more.

Music.—Disappears suddenly at the back of the stage—Cries of distress and alarm increase momentarily. Thérèse runs out of the farm-house.

Ther. (Alone, seeing the blaze.) The chamber blazing—my benefactress lost! (plunges into the flames crying) Help! help!

MUSIC. Lavigne, Bridget, Nanuette, the Count, Picard, all the servants and neighbours rush on.

Lav. We're struck by lightning!

Count. (*Rushing forward.*) Great Powers! my mother!

Lav. Fly! save the countess!

MUSIC. All spring towards the pavilion. Thérèse appears amid the flames pale, with dishevelled hair—a bloody knife in her hand.

Ther. It is too late—She's murdered!

Count. Murdered!—Just Heaven! (*Going thither.*)

Ther. Look!--look!--her blood!--'twas I!--'twas I--

MUSIC. Throws the knife on the stage, and stands rooted to the spot.

Count. (*Dashing towards the flames.*) Mother!

MUSIC. The flames burst from the pavilion. Some regard Thérèse with horror. Lavigne stands petrified on seeing the knife which Thérèse has thrown from the pavilion. Others prevent Charles from plunging into the flames. The fire lights up the grouping on the stage.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

THE GREAT PARLOUR OF THE FARM HOUSE, WITH TWO WINDOWS DOWN TO THE GROUND, AND A LARGE MIDDLE DOOR, THROUGH WHICH THE COURT-YARD IS PERCEPTIBLE, AND IN IT THE OUT-HOUSES AND PAVILION SMOKING IN RUINS. ON THE LEFT HAND, UPPER ENTRANCE, A DOOR, PLACED DIAGONALLY, LEADING TO ONE OF THE APARTMENTS.

Music. Lavigne enters through a large door in the middle, which he leaves open, and Bridget by the left-hand side door, upper entrance.

Brid. Ah, husband, I'm afraid there's a great deal more in that girl's business than she told us of---I rue my kind gentle nature, that made me give way and let her in---You were the cause of it, you old blunder-pate!

Lav. Where is she now?

Brid. She's in that room, and she faints away, and comes to herself, and faints away;---and between the fits talks wild, not knowing what she says---“Why did I come hither?” she calls out---“’Twas I---’twas I that should have perished!”---then she fancies she's at Geneva;---then defends herself as if she was in a court;---then rattles away, name after name that one never heard of before!---She's gone mad, there's no doubt on't!---The count,---the pastor,---nobody can settle her mind!---If she wasn't so very young, one might almost be led away to suspect---

Lav. Suspect? hey! now I think of it---[*Noise with- out.*] Hush! what's that bustle?

Brid. Bless us! bless us!--Is there any more trouble coming?

Lav. Wife! look there!

Brid. Oh, poor, dear, good mistress!

Music. The country people pass along the back of the Court-yard, bearing the Body of the Countess on a Bier. The Magistrate, Delparc follows.—The Count's voice is heard.

Count. (*Within*) In vain you struggle!

Lav. (*To the procession*) The Count! the Count!

The bustle increases—and the Count springing from the grasp of Picard and Fontaine, darts out of the side door at the left hand, and rushing wildly to the centre, gazes distractedly round.

Count (*Endeavouring to disengage himself*) In vain you struggle--I must--I will have one last look--utter a last farewell!

Pic. Master! dear master!

Count. Barbarians! would you snatch from me the last, the mournful consolation of bathing with my tears all that remains to me of the dearest, best beloved of mothers!—(*falling on his knees*) Oh! sainted shade! here, in the face of Heaven, I swear!--my Body shall not rest--my Mind shall know no comfort,--till thy relentless Murderer's blood smoke on thy Grave, and bring thy Spirit peace!

Scrieks—All start—Thérèse rushes in, in great disorder, from the side door, left hand, upper entrance.

Ther. Save me!--save me!

Count. Mariette!

Fon. Daughter!

Ther. (*Throwing herself into the arms of Fontaine*) Father, abandon not your child—you know I'm innocent—Oh, do not let them tear me from your bosom!

Two armed men enter from the side door and attempt to seize her.

Count. (*Throwing himself between*) What would ye do?—Stand off!

Fon. (to *Delparc.*) As a Magistrate, Sir, we demand your protection.

Delp. As a Magistrate, I have ordered her arrest.

Count and Fon. Hers?

Brid. (to *Lavigne.*) There! I guessed as much!

Delp. I could have wished, Gentlemen, to spare you you both this new source of affliction,—for I know the interest you take in this young person:—but the agitation,—the disorder of her mind,—rivetted my attention,—and the broken sentences which escaped in her distraction, led me to recognize in her—Thérèse—

All. Thérèse!

Delp. The Orphan of Geneva, who has long fled the justice, to which I am bound to give her up.

Ther. 'Tis over!

Delp. Nay, more. Minuter inquiry has convinced me that, not satisfied with insulting the memory of her first Benefactress, she has been still more criminal to the second;—in short, that Thérèse has been guilty of this night's murder!

Ther. Do my senses fail me?—It cannot be!—What?—No, Count—no, Father—Could I—could I—

Thérèse faints, laughing hysterically, and during the ensuing speech of the Magistrate, imperfectly revives and seems from time to time to catch some fragments and to endeavour, by gesture, to repel the accusation.

Delp. I know you deem me rash, and easily misled;—but listen.---In whom could the Countess ever have provoked revenge?---Every body loved her. There is but one direction, in which we *can* look for a vindictive feeling. What passed yesterday at the chateau? Your young impostor was expelled---suddenly deprived of the most brilliant hopes.---Driven from the bosom of your family, whither did she direct her course?---to this farm, where your Mother often passed the night---she stole in secret

begging to be concealed. Scarcely was she received here, when a Man, following in darkness, enters secretly, with all the Mystery of Crime;---and Thérèse is surprised outside of her chamber, in frightful perturbation.---You arrive---her agitation increases.---She implores her hosts not to make known she's here. She listens to your Mother's voice---and weigh well these fatal words;---she hears her swear---“ *That while she lives, ne'er shall her consent be given to this detested union.*”---All go to rest---every thing seems calm---The mysterious follower is observed again---suddenly the thunder bursts---A scream is heard---thongs crowd the court-yard---and Thérèse, pale, distracted, darts from the chamber where your mother fell, holding on high a bloody knife, and shrieking wildly, “ 'Twas I---'twas I!”

Count. I freeze with horror---Yet stay!---A light dawns!---This mysterious follower---it must be Carwin!---

Delp. What malice could he bear against your Mother?

Count. [*starts confounded.*] Ha!---true---true.

Delp. You, sir, are silent [*to Fontaine.*]---Now do you own your error?

Fon. No, sir; still my hopes are not extinguished---Let me implore one favor from you, Sir.---Grant me your confidence:---Leave Thérèse alone with me for a moment.

Delp. Your vocation entitles you to that;---but, trust me, I have no hope.

Count. [*to Fontaine.*] My bereavement cannot destroy my confidence in her.---Like you, I know her heart.---Friend!---Father!---she shall not perish!

Fontaine raises his eyes with a look of uncertainty and grief. The *Count* follows *Delparc* through the middle door.

Fon. She shall not perish?---Yet---yet I see no means of rescue! Look up, my daughter!---With me you need have no reserves,---no fears!---You were seen coming out

of the chamber of the Countess, at the very moment when the murder must have been committed:—My child, how came you there?

Ther. (*distractedly.*) I—I told them how!—Terrific thunder—a scream!—I darted forward—The pavilion was in flames—I rushed through—Horror!—My Benefactress, —half hanging out of bed—a poniard in her bosom!—I dragged it forth—she was murdered!—I cannot call to mind what passed after that—*You know—you know—*I saw you by my side! (*hiding her head on the breast of Fontaine.*)

Fon. You went there then to save her from the flames?

Ther. Would I not have died for Charles's Mother?

Fon. And yet this noble act—Courage, daughter!—Stay—there is something more.—Tell me—Were you followed to the farm? 'Tis said a person was concealed here in the night, and that you know this person.

Ther. Carwin!—Oh, yes—true, true.—They were all gone—He stood before me—His flashing eyes—'twas terrible!—he threatened my life—but voices were heard—he fled!

Fon. Carwin! her life—this night—I seem to get nearer and nearer to the truth—Why didn't you mention this before?

Ther. I did not dare.—Now I have nothing to conceal!

Fon. But how to reconcile events so contradictory? Where did this take place?

Ther. Before the pavilion.—He enticed me from my chamber—I thought 'twas you!

Fon. Your chamber!—where was it?

Ther. The bed-room, where the murder was committed.

Fon. Merciful powers!—the chamber of the Countess?

Ther. Yes—yes—I was there when the Countess came; but then they made me go into the farm-house.

Fon. I see the clue to this appalling labyrinth—Oh! give it to my grasp,—let me not lose it, Justice!—kneel

down, my child!—implore Heaven's light to guide us!—kneel, and ask aid where in the last wretchedness we can only look!—kneel, as the child of Abraham knelt at his funeral pyre, uttered an innocent prayer, and was sav'd!

Music. Thérèse drops on her knees, clasping her hands with fervor.—Fontaine stands near her,—his eyes upturned, seeming to ask help. The Magistrate enters by the middle door, and stops astonished.—Suddenly two shots are heard—tumultuous cries follow.—Thérèse starts up affrighted—Lavigne, Bridget and Villagers run in through the middle door.

Lav. (without) Victory! victory!

Delp. Whence this tumult? What mean these shouts?

Lav. (appearing at the back) We've got him, Sir!---we've got him.

Delp. Whom have you got?

Lav. Beelzebub! The Steward saw him prowling round my house all night.

Fon. It must be Carwin.

Brid. I can't tell who it is—but I'm sure he's a rascal.

Lav. That's plain enough, whoever it is—He gave us a brace of shots before we took him. What must we do with him, Sir?

Delp. Bring him here. Go back to those who have taken him---Tell them from me, not to ask any questions of him, nor to answer any he may ask.

Lav. Make yourself easy; Mr. Magistrate---there's no danger of their talking to him.

Delp. Do as I bid you (*Lavigne is going.*)

Brid. (following Lavigne up the stage) Take care of yourself, husband, take care---You don't know how many pistols he may have under his cloak.

Lavigne goes out through the middle door, and Villagers follow him.

Fon. (to Delparc) Be sure, Sir, the hand of Heaven is in this. I have obtained lights unexpected, and my hopes

revive; but every thing will be lost, unless you grant me perfect confidence.

Delp. You have it—I shall rejoice to second your exertions. I have already received important information from the Count concerning Carwin.

A bustle heard without, and distant voices crying “*Bring him along.*”

Fon. I hear them coming. Let me beg that Thérèse may be removed.

Delp. (*to Bridget*) Take her away!

Fon. They’re here. Go in—go in, my child.

Bridget conducts Thérèse into the left-hand apartment. A great bustle announces Carwin, who continues to resist. Lavigne, the Servants and all the Villagers surround him, entering in a throng through the middle door, and dragging him violently to the stage.—Carwin is in the greatest disorder—pale and agitated.

Lav. [*pulling Carwin*] This way, Lucifer, this way—Come, come, no hanging back!—Here, Mr. Magistrate, here he is;—and mind, [*to Carwin*] you grim devil, you—you’re to ask no questions, for nobody will have a word to say to you.

Lavigne is at the right-hand corner, Fontaine next to him, Carwin in the centre, and Delparc at the left hand. Carwin eyes Lavigne ferociously. The Villagers are at the back.

Car. [*to the Magistrate*] Why is this violence permitted? Sir, I am told you are a magistrate. Be it so. But by what right dare you detain my person?

Delp. The right of protecting the public safety. You are a stranger—What brought you hither? who are you?

Car. My name is Carwin: I come from the Chateau de Morville. [*pointing to Fontaine*] That gentleman can tell what brought me there:—I was returning to my home.

Delp. For what reason did you fly? And when you were approached, how came you to resist?

Car. I had cause to think my life in danger.

Delp. You were observed this night at the farm.

Car. 'Tis false!—I took the forest path, and wasn't near the farm.

Delp. Have a care!—Two witnesses can prove it.

Car. (*startled*) Who are they?

Delp. The Count de Morville and his servant.

Car. [*ironically*] The Count de Morville and his servant!—a noble vengeance in the lover of Thérèse! and for what? for preventing disgrace to him and to his family! ---[*Pointing to Fontaine*] That gentleman can explain.--- He saw my conduct; he can avouch I did no more than bound to do by honour!--Is it to be wondered at, that blinded by his love, and frantic at her loss, the Count should prove unjust to my pure motives, and deeming me her foe, attempt to fix on me the odium of the deed?

Delp. What deed?

Fon. In Heaven's name, do not stop him! [*Carwin looks at him distrustfully.*] Go on, Sir,—you make a brave defence! But how did you know a murder had been committed in a place, which you say you did not come near?

Car. By what right do you question me?

Lav. There's impudence!

Delp. Answer, I command.

Lav. You've got it now!

Car. [*ill temperedly.*] I knew it from report.

Delp. Reports in a forest?—and at midnight?

Car. Were not persons sent to take me?—From them—

Lav. It's a lie.—Nobody said a word to him—that's plain enough—for you see, he don't know—

Fon. Silence!

Lav. I'm dumb.

Delp. [*to Fontaine.*] I cannot make out your object.

Fon. Command perfect silence. [*Delparc does so by gesture.*]

Car. [*apart.*] What trap are they concerting?—no matter.—[*Fontaine takes out tablets and writes with a pencil.*]
—He writes—what has he in view?

Fontaine hands the tablets to Lavigne, who runs round with them to the Magistrate at the left-hand side of the stage, and having delivered them, returns to his former place.

Delp. [*having cast a look at Carwin*] I understand.

Car. [*apart with concern*] He “understands!” I must be on my guard.

Delp. [*to Carwin*] You know then that the unfortunate Thérèse—is dead, and that she has been assassinated on this farm?

Lav. Thérèse!

Fontaine motions for him to be silent.

Car. [*affecting assurance*] What is there strange in that?—Is it a secret?—Don’t every body know it?

Fon. Enough—[*to Carwin*] I charge *you*, sir, with this night’s murder.

Car. Me?

Fon. [*crossing to Delparc*] I will answer for the result. All I have now to ask, Sir, is that he should be secured and shut out from all communication—[*taking Delparc aside*] I have a plan in view, which, my conscience tells me, will bring forth the truth. Grant me a word in private.

Car. You exceed your authority in detaining any man without just grounds of suspicion.

Delp. You are distinctly accused, Sir, and of course my prisoner. Let all the avenues be closed and guarded—and none accost this person on any pretext.

Lav. Give me charge of him. I’ll be bound he don’t get away from me.

Delp. [to *Fontaine*] Now, Sir—

Lav. Out of the way, wife—I'm Major Domo now.

Villagers, servants, &c. go out into the court yard, and Lavigne shuts the middle door and follows them. The Magistrate, Fontaine, Bridget and Lavigne retire last of all. The window shutters are closed, and the stage darkened.

Car. Why, this is more and more inexplicable—I said nothing—confessed nothing—yet this strange person brands me on a sudden—Can I bear traces on my dress?—Perhaps her blood?—No—I see none!—Ha! the papers!—Some may have fallen!—They regard her innocence—[*searching eagerly, and drawing out the papers*] One—two—three!—No—no—all here—all right—all right!—[*replacing them in his bosom*] Come, manly resolution be my shield!—I am suspected,---nothing more;---but they can have no proof. nor certainty. The Count and Steward say they saw me---but their assertion's readily impeached---There is no other evidence---Thérèse is dead---and nought is left to fear, if to myself I'm true!---I will be so---They come---'tis fix'd!---Firmness, and I am free!

Music. The middle door is thrown open. Twelve soldiers, six on each side, with drawn swords, march down on the right and left hand: after them, six male villagers, three on each side, and next, twelve female villagers, six on each side. The characters follow. The Count makes a movement of indignation on seeing Carwin. Delparc takes the centre; Lavigne is at the right hand, the Count, Picard and Fontaine next, the Magistrate in the centre, and Carwin in the left-hand corner: he affects perfect composure. The middle door is closed, and part of the subordinate characters are standing before it.

Car. [*apart*] This display is meant to intimidate:---I expected as much.

Delp. Sir, your accuser stands before you:---you know the crime with which you are charged---a deep, a fiend-like murder!---The information which I have just received concerning you, and the circumstances of your past life,

inculcates you in a manner most irresistible and most grave! (*Carwin betrays surprise, but instantly recovers his self-possession.*) To escape conviction will be impossible; but you may even yet appease the wrath of him whose image you have horribly destroyed, by a confession of your guilt.

Car. A moment since (*pointing to Fontaine*) my accuser was the judge; now the judge is my accuser!—'Twere trouble thrown away to protest against the decency or honesty of this collusion, since the whole charge can be refuted in one word:—I was not here, and I defy ye to the proof!

Pic. I saw him here.

Count. And I myself, with arms, pursued him to the court-yard.

Car. With arms!—To have identified me in such darkness you must have been very near; and being so, you were most generous not to use your arms.—I have already explained the motives which prompt your charge;—I shall no further notice it, but by contempt and silence!

The Count springs forward indignantly—Fontaine restrains him—Carwin turns to the villagers, and in the course of this speech takes the centre, and walks back to his former place.

I call on all these who encircle me:—Is there one among ye, who has seen me at the farm?—Look at me!—View me well!—There—you see they're silent!—Ayé, among all the people of the farm,—all those of the village too,—not one that ever saw me—no, not one!—And yet, because a servant, paid for lying,—a lover, whose bewildered mind pursues a phantom, unite in obvious fraud, I am accused of murder, and deprived of liberty.—(*To Fontaine.*)—For you, Sir, whose zeal has carried you so far beyond discretion, if this is all your mighty allegation, 'tis at once foolhardy and absurd;—and that you may learn a lesson which

you stand in need of, *I* summon *you*, to answer to the laws for this atrocious calumny.

Fon. Carwin!—There is a Judge more awful, more infallible than man;—the GREAT AVENGER, who cannot be deceived!—This inevitable Judge needs neither proof nor witness, nor confession;—he sees into the heart;—in silence he prepares the punishment reserved for crime, and on the moment when the wicked deems his triumph sure, bursts on him in a miracle, and he is gone!—For you that dreadful moment is at hand! Unhappy man! You fly from it in vain!—Your conscience tells you it is come.—If human means are impotent, a super-human power will rend the tomb:—your victim, pale and bleeding, will rise up before you, and lift the fatal knife, and shriek—“*Behold the murderer!*”——You tremble, Sir—

Car. [*endeavouring to regain composure.*] 'Tis with indignation then.

Fon. No, 'tis with terror!—Eternal Justice, which, after committing crime, man braves, but shudders at, has already struck you.—Invoke it,—if you dare,—to shield you, if you are not guilty!—Your victim's corse is there [*pointing to the middle door*].—It slumbers on the bier!—Approach it!—Gaze on it's livid features—place on it's gory breast your hand,—and call celestial vengeance on it's accurs'd destroyer!—Ha!—you recoil—you are right.—Could you do that, you had been innocent!

Car. (*agitated*) I am going, Sir.

Fon. Go, and remember—the Eternal sees you!

Car. (*approaching*) Well, Sir, I—I—am—going—

All stand aside, leaving an open passage to the middle door. Carwin, endeavouring to conquer his alarm, advances hesitating and stopping frequently; all eyes are bent upon him.—When he is near the middle door, it opens, as if spontaneously, and Thérèse appears—in one hand holding the knife, and pointing to it with the other.—She comes slowly forward.—Carwin recedes before her in agony and consternation.

Lash me not, furies!—Lash me not to madness!—Hold! hold!—Terrible spectre, hence!—Spare, spare your murderer! (*kneels*)—The world shall know *your* innocence—*my* guilt—here, at your feet, I cast the damning proofs—Let them appease you—but save! oh, save—save me from vengeance!—shield me from despair!

Falls senseless.—When he throws down the papers, they are instantly caught up by the Count, and taken to the Magistrate, who runs over them, and hands them to Fontaine. All having read, the Count rushes to Thérèse, who, being overcome by the madness of Carwin and her own situation, falls into her lover's arms. Fontaine exultingly springs forward, displaying the papers.—All the characters advance at the same time before the body of Carwin.

Fon. Heaven has heard our prayers!—Triumph, my daughter!—Shout all for rescued innocence!—Shout for Thérèse, the Countess of Belmour!

A Shout.—Music.—The Curtain Falls.

The End.

ERRATA.

In a few of the first Copies which were printed, the last seventeen pages, by mistake were put to press without being corrected; and consequently there were very material errors, especially from pages 41 to 48. These have since been corrected; and on a careful reading of the whole Drama, the following are the only mistakes of importance which appear to have escaped notice:—Page 12, ninth line from the bottom, for —“without knowing her”—read “without knowing any thing about her.”—Page 29, twelfth line from the top, for “throws open the windows,” read “throws open the door nearest the window.”—Page 33, eighteenth line from the top, for “you’ll tremble at the voice of justice” read “you’ll shudder at the voice of justice.”



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[Victor, Henri Joseph Braham Ducange]
Thérèse, the Orphan of Geneva.

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